

Main-chance father you meant, but I meant *Maine*,
Which I will win from France; or else be slaine.

Exit Warwick, and Salisbury. Manet Yorke.

Yorke. *Anion* and *Maine* are giuen to the French,
Paris is lost, the state of *Normandie*
Stands on a tickle point, now they are gone:
Suffolke concluded on the Articles,
The Peeres agreed, and *Henry* was well pleas'd,
To change two Dukedomes for a Dukes faire daughter.
I cannot blame them all, what is't to them?
'Tis thine they giue away, and not their owne.
Pirates may make cheape penyworths of their pillage,
And purchase Friends, and giue to Curtezans,
Still reuelling like Lords till all be gone,
While as the filly Owner of the goods
Weepes ouer them, and wrings his haplesse hands,
And shakes his head, and trembling stands aloofe,
While all is shar'd, and all is borne away,
Ready to serue, and dare not touch his owne.
So *Yorke* must sit, and fret, and bite his tongue,
While his owne Lands are bargain'd for, and sold:
Me thinks the Realmes of England, France, & Ireland,
Beare that proportion to my flesh and blood,
As did the fatal brand *Altham* burnt,
Vnto the Princes heart of *Calidon*:

Anion and *Maine* both giuen vnto the French:
Cold newes for me: for I had hope of France,
Euen as I haue of fertile Englands soile.
A day will come, when *Yorke* shall claime his owne,
And therefore I will take the *Neuils* parts,
And make a shew of loue to proud Duke *Humphrey*,
And when I spy aduantage, claime the Crowne,
For that's the Golden marke I seeke to hit:
Nor shall proud Lancaster vsurpe my right,
Nor hold the Scepter in his childish fist,
Nor weare the Diadem vpon his head,
Whose Church-like humors fits not for a Crowne.
Then *Yorke* be still a-while, till time do serue:
Watch thou, and wake when others be asleepe,
To pricke into the secrets of the State,
Till *Henrie* surfeiting in ioyes of loue,
With his new Bride, & Englands deere bought Queen,
And *Humphrey* with the Peeres be false at iarres:
Then will I raise aloft the Milke-white-Rose,
With whose sweet smell the Ayre shall be perfum'd,
And in my Standard beare the Armes of *Yorke*,
To grapple with the house of Lancaster,
And force perforce Ile make him yeeld the Crowne,
Whose bookish Rule, hath pull'd faire England downe.

Exit Yorke.

Enter Duke Humphrey and his wife Elianor.

Eli. Why droopes my Lord like ouer-ripen'd Corn,
Hanging the head at Ceres plenteous load?
Why doth the Great Duke *Humphrey* knit his browes,
As frowning at the Fauours of the world?
Why are thine eyes fixt to the fullen earth,
Gazing on that which seemes to dimme thy sight?
What seest thou there? King *Henries* Diadem,
Inchac'd with all the Honors of the world?
If so, Gaze on, and grouell on thy face,
Vntill thy head be circled with the same.
Put forth thy hand, reach at the glorious Gold.
What, is't too thort? Ile lengthen it with mine,
And hauing both together heau'd it vp,
Wee'l both together lift our heads to heauen,
And neuer more abase our sight so low,

As to vouchsafe one glance vnto the ground.

Hum. O *Nell*, sweet *Nell*, if thou dost loue thy Lord,
Banish the Canker of ambitious thoughts:
And may that thought, when I imagine ill
Against my King and Nephew, vertuous *Henry*,
Be my last breathing in this mortall world.
My troublous dreames this night, doth make me sad.

Eli. What dream'd my Lord, doth make me sad.
With sweet rehearsal of my mornings dreame?

Hum. Me thought this staffe mine Office-badge in
Court

Was broke in twaine: by whom, I haue forgot,
But as I thinke, it was by'th Cardinall,
And on the peeces of the broken Wand
Were plac'd the heads of *Edmond* Duke of Somerset,
And *William de la Pole* first Duke of Suffolke.
This was my dreame, what it doth bode God knowes.

Eli. Tut, this was nothing but an argument,
That he that breakes a stick of *Glosters* groue,
Shall loose his head for his presumption.
But list to me my *Humphrey*, my sweete Duke:
Me thought I sat in Seate of Maiesty,
In the Cathedral Church of Westminster,
And in that Chaire where Kings & Queens wer crown'd,
Where *Henrie* and Dame *Margaret* kneel'd to me,
And on my head did set the Diadem.

Hum. Nay *Elior*, then must I chide outright:
Presumptuous Dame, ill-nurter'd *Elior*,
Art thou not second Woman in the Realme?
And the Protector's wife belou'd of him?
Hast thou not worldly pleasure at command,
Above the reach or compasse of thy thought?
And wilt thou still be hammering Treachery,
To tumble downe thy husband, and thy selfe,
From top of Honor, to Disgraces feete?
Away from me, and let me heare no more.

Eli. What, what, my Lord? Are you so chollericke
With *Elior*, for telling but her dreame?
Next time Ile keepe my dreames vnto my selfe,
And not be check'd.

Hum. Nay be not angry, I am pleas'd againe,
Enter Messenger.

Mess. My Lord Protector, 'tis his Highnes pleasure,
You do prepare to ride vnto *S. Albons*,
Where as the King and Queene do meane to Hawke.

Hu. I go, Come *Nell* thou wilt ride with vs? *Ex. Hum.*

Eli. Yes my good Lord, Ile follow presently.

Follow I must, I cannot go before,
While *Gloster* beares this base and humble minde,
Were I a Man, a Duke, and next of blood,
I would remoue these tedious stumbling blockes,
And smooth my way vpon their headlesse neckes.

And being a woman, I will not be slacke
To play my part in Fortunes Pageant.

Where are you there? Sir *John*, nay feare not man,
We are alone, here's none but thee, & I. *Enter Hum.*

Hum. Iesus preferue your Royall Maiesty.

Eli. What saist thou? Maiesty: I am but Grace.

Hum. But by the grace of God, and *Humes* aduice,
Your Graces Title shall be multiplied.

Eli. What saist thou man? Hast thou as yet confer'd
With *Margerie* *Iordane* the cunning Witch,
With *Roger* *Bollingbrooke* the Coniurer?

And will they vndertake to do me good?

Hum. This they haue promised to shew your Highnes
A Spirit rais'd from depth of vnder ground,

Thar

That shall make answer to such Questions,
As by your Grace shall be propounded him.
Elior. It is enough, Ile thinke vpon the Questions:
When from *Saint Albons* we doe make returne,
Wee'll see these things effected to the full.
Here *Hume*, take this reward, make merry man
With thy Confederates in this weightie cause.

Exit Elior.

Hum. *Hume* must make merry with the Duchesse Gold:
Marry and shall: but how now, Sir *John Hume*?

Seale vp your Lips, and giue no words but *Mum*,
The businesse asketh silent secrecie.

Dame *Elior* giues Gold, to bring the Witch:
Gold cannot come amisse, were she a Deuill.

Yet haue I Gold flies from another Coast:
I dare not say, from the rich Cardinall,
And from the great and new-made Duke of Suffolke;

Yet I doe finde it so: for to be plaine,
They (knowing Dame *Elior*'s aspiring humor)

Haue hyed me to vnder-mine the Duchesse,
And buzze these Coniurations in her brayne.

They say, A craftie Knaue do's need no Broker,
Yet am I *Suffolke* and the Cardinalls Broker.

Hume, if you take not heed, you shall goe neere
To call them both a payre of craftie Knaues.

Well, so it stands: and thus I feare at last,
Humes Knauerie will be the Duchesse Wracke,

And her Attainture, will be *Humphreys* fall:
Sort how it will, I shall haue Gold for all.

Exit

*Enter three or foure Petitioners, the Armors
Man being one.*

1. *Pet.* My Masters, let's stand close, my Lord Pro-
tector will come this way by and by, and then wee may
deliuer our Supplications in the Quill.

2. *Pet.* Marry the Lord protect him, for hee's a good
man, Iesu blesse him.

Enter Suffolke, and Queene.

Peter. Here a comes me thinkes, and the Queene with
him: Ile be the first sure.

3. *Pet.* Come backe foole, this is the Duke of Suffolke,
and not my Lord Protector.

Suff. How now fellow: would'st any thing with me?

1. *Pet.* I pray my Lord pardon me, I tooke ye for my
Lord Protector.

Queene. To my Lord Protector? Are your Supplica-
tions to his Lordship? Let me see them: what is thine?

1. *Pet.* Mine is, and't please your Grace, against *John*
Goodman, my Lord Cardinals Man, for keeping my House,
and Lands, and Wife and all, from me.

Suff. Thy Wife too? that's some Wrong indeede.
What's yours? What's heere? Against the Duke of

Suffolke, for enclosing the Commons of *Melforde*. How
now, Sir Knaue?

2. *Pet.* Alas Sir, I am but a poore Petitioner of our
whole Towneship.

Peter. Against my Master *Thomas Horner*, for saying,
That the Duke of *Yorke* was rightfull Heire to the
Crowne.

Queene. What say'st thou? Did the Duke of *Yorke*
say, hee was rightfull Heire to the Crowne?

Peter. That my Mistrisse was? No forsooth: my Master
said, That he was, and that the King was an Vsurper.

Suff. Who is there?

Enter Seruant.

Take this fellow in, and send for his Master with a Pursu-
uant presently: wee'll heare more of your matter before
the King.

Exit.

Queene. And as for you that loue to be protected
Vnder the Wings of our Protectors Grace,
Begin your Suites anew, and sue to him.

Tear the Supplication.

Away, base Cullions: *Suffolke* let them goe.

All. Come, let's be gone.

Exit.

Queene. My Lord of Suffolke, say, is this the guise?
Is this the Fashions in the Court of England?

Is this the Government of Brittaines Ile?
And this the Royaltie of *Albions* King?

What, shall King *Henry* be a Pupill still,
Vnder the surly *Glosters* Governance?

Am I a Queene in Title and in Stile,
And must be made a Subiect to a Duke?

I tell thee *Paule*, when in the Citie *Tours*,
Thou ran'st a tilt in honor of my *Loue*,

And rol'd away the Ladies hearts of France;
I thought King *Henry* had resembled thee,

In Courage, Courtship, and Proportion:
But all his minde is bent to Holinesse,

To number *Ana-Maries* on his Beades:
His Champions, are the Prophets and Apostles,

His Weapons, holy Sawes of sacred Writ,
His Studie is his Tilt-yard, and his Lokes

Are brazen Images of Canonized Saints:
I would the Colledge of the Cardinalls

Would chuse him Pope, and carry him to Rome,
And set the Triple Crowne vpon his head.

That were a State fit for his Holinesse:
Suff. Madame be patient: as I was caple

Your Highnesse came to England, so will
In England worke your Graces full content.

Queene. Beside the haughtie Protector, haue we *Beauford*,
The imperious Churchman, *Somerset*, *Buckingham*,

And grumbling *Yorke*: and not the least of these,
But can doe more in England then the King.

Suff. And he of these, that can doe most of all,
Cannot doe more in England then the *Neuils*:

Salisbury and *Warwick* are no simple Peeres,
Queene. Not all these Lords do vex me halfe so much,

As that proud Dame, the Lord Protectors Wife:
She sweepes it through the Court with troups of Ladies,

More like an Empresse, then Duke *Humphreys* Wife:
Strangers in Court, doe take her for the Queene:

She beares a Dukes Reuenewes on her backe,
And in her heart she scornes our Pouertie:

Shall I not liue to be aueng'd on her?
Contemptuous base-borne Callot as she is,

She vaunted 'mongst her Minions 'other day,
The very trayne of her worst wearing Gowne,

Was better worth then all my Fathers Lands,
Till *Suffolke* gaue two Dukedomes for his Daughter.

Suff. Madame, my selfe haue lym'd a Bush for her,
And plac'd a Quier of such enticing Birds,

That she will light to listen to the Lyes,
And neuer mount to trouble you againe.

So let her rest: and Madame, list to me,
For I am bold to counsaile you in this;

Although we fancie not the Cardinall,
Yet must we ioyne with him and with the Lords,

Till we haue brought Duke *Humphrey* in disgrace.

As